

Extra Chapter - Asura Princess and the Angel of Miracles

Part 1

Asura Kingdom's capital city Ars was the largest and most populous city of the world.

A white palace stood in center of this grand city, oft considered the most beautiful of the world.

The seat of power, "Silver Palace."

Yet despite its flawless exterior, the inside the palace was in constant turmoil of palace intrigue.

Only lies, deceit, and mutual exploitation amongst the nobilities.

From early morning until the depth of night.

Supposedly it reached the point where no one would trust another amongst the palace.

The Fittoa Region Teleportation Disaster had a strong impact on this political struggle.

This was story of the origin of the struggle.

Part 2

Besides residences for the royalties, the Silver Palace also contained many flower gardens.

A collection of red flowers of every variety, the Rose Garden.

A collection of black flowers of every variety, the Peony Garden.

A collection of blue flowers of every variety, the Hydrangea Garden.

And also, a collection of white flowers of every variety.

Commonly known as the "White Lily Garden".

White Lily Garden was a favorite of a particular individual.

That individual was Ariel Anemoi Asura.

The Second Princess of Asura Kingdom.

Borne of the first consort, a peerless beauty, she inherited her good looks and gold-blond hair. From her father, the King, she inherited what said to be most beautiful voice in history. As a minor, she already was brimmed with charisma and had the support of the citizens of the Capital, whom acclaimed her the most beautiful princess.

This princess had a habit, three times a day she spent in tea time at White Lily Garden.

The princess would always sit by a white table in the White Lily Garden, quietly enjoy her tea, with her guardian knight and magician stood guard.

Her adorable and attractive figure teased heartstrings of men and women alike.

Like a fairy out of fairy tales, an existence beyond neither comprehension nor reproach.

Of course, when the princess enjoyed the White Lily Garden, no one would approach her.

No one shared a drink with her.

The princess would sit by her lonesome, only exchanging brief words with her guards during the afternoon tea.

Her Guardian Knight was an equally dashing gentleman, a suffice compliment to the beautiful princess.

With bright maroon hair, chiseled jaw lines, high nose, well defined facial features.

His name, Luke Notus Greyrat.

The second son of Philemon Notos Greyrat, one of the four great lords of the land. He was a capable, dashing young knight already intermediate rank in Sword God Style.

All noble youngsters knew of him.

Not yet fifteen, but already he was talking circles around women, capable of entertaining and capturing a girl's heart.

He's the most popular boy of his generation.

Stood in contrast, the Guardian Magician was older.

Older he may be, but in honestly he was barely an adult, 16, maybe 17 at most.

Although not as dashing as Luke, he's handsome man in his own right. A little on the thin side, but quite a looker also.

He had a unique temperament about him, which complimented the two hotties attached to him well, and in made the trio even more irreproachable. His name was Derrick Redbat.

The third son of the famed Redbat house, an advanced ranked magician hailed from historic Asura Magic Academy.

What were the topics of their conversation?

It's a popular topic of speculation by the young people of the castle, but no one ever found out.

Today too, these three came to the White Lily Garden, enjoying a steady conversation.

"... So, what color was it?"

Ariel's voice echoed in the serene garden.

So beautiful her voice, it had been described akin to "the melodies of silver bells".

"A brilliant pink... with a tinge of orange."

Stood before the beauty across the table, Luke spoke in a crisp voice.

A little sharp, his voice had yet to drop, but already it sounded handsome and pleasant, a worthy match of his gentlemanly appearance.

"..."

The Guardian Magician Derrick listened in silence.

His face a little gloomy, as he effort to follow the conversation.

"I rather prefer them porcelain white, preferably with a brilliant cherry peak."

"But Ariel-sama, what's wrong with a little concave in the center?"

"What, Luke? You like having it inverted?"

Seeing Ariel's surprise, Luke calmly replied.

"Well, I like them big, that's all. How the rest appears is of little consequence to me."

"Sigh... Luke lacks appreciation."

Ariel could only sigh, and Luke shrugged in response.

So what were these two actually discussing?

"Okay, what about Sarisha, the newcomer maid?"

"Shy and sensitive, pretty nice."

Nothing in particular.

Luke was just reporting on the color of breasts that he recently captured.

"Really...? In that case, I got to find a way to get her in my bedchamber."

"As you wish, shall I lend a hand?"

"Really? You so ready to discard one you only recently bedded?"

"Only because Sarisha's breasts are a bit below my strike zone."

Ariel and Luke.

Despite their proper exterior, both were extremely lecherous and vulgar.

A plurality of the palace maids and noble daughters within the palace had already fallen to their grubby hands.

"It can't be helped that bullying cute girls excited me so. I bet Sarisha makes the most seductive sound."

Only a few in the palace were in the known, but Ariel was a sadistic beast that ate men and women alike.

All the nobles of Asura Kingdom were common in their extreme perversions, Ariel was no exception.

But Luke didn't share her extreme; he simply was fond of large breasts.

With their appearance and reputation as cover, they lived a life of hedonism in this palace of intrigue.

Fundamentally, their hobbies were not particularly out of line amongst Asura aristocracies.

Rather, a great many nobles had even more despicable perversions.

In its four hundred year plus long history, Asura Kingdom has been a land unknown to hunger nor war. IN time, it became a place where the ability to toy with others was a status symbol.

Ariel and Luke may be young, but they had already acquired that noble taste.

Yet---

"Ariel-sama, Luke, this sort of wanton perversion... Is it proper?"

Derrick was a man of common sense.

The Redbat family was mere middle class noble for this region, thus largely disconnected from the decadence within the palace.

So how did he end up shouldering the heavy burden of "Second Princess Guardian Magician"? It was purely due to his exemplary grades in the Magic Academy. A noble with advance magic was of great value.

"Luke... You should really spend more time learning skills appropriate for a noble."

"That's right, Luke. Why are you always like this? You better learn how to read a girl's mood, or else you won't be so popular anymore."

Their belittling rebuttal only made Derrick sigh.

"No, Ariel-sama. One day you'll be an important figure in Asura Kingdom. May I remind you that such worthless banter and vulgar perversions are beneath your station."

It was Ariel's turn to sigh as she heard Derrick's lecture.

"Hey, Derrick. Keep saying that, but I'm still just a second princess."

"Indeed, you're high up in the line of succession and a future candidate to the throne."

"I have two older brothers above me, and a sister to boot. My older sister was married off, but my brothers were already in desperate struggle for the throne. As long as they're present, being Queen is impossible for me."

"No, you're the child of the first consort, only you have the bloodright to the throne."

"Quiet, Derrick."

Ariel ordered Derrick to silence.

"If your speech reached my brothers ears, and they send assassins. Then what? There're already more and more nobles courting for advantages to my side..."

"As long as Ariel-sama has the will to fight, I'll be more than happy to sacrifice my life against assassins, if need be."

"Derrick, scary words should be unsaid. I know well what hopes you held for me... Even if those words were to persuade me, who say you won't abandon me at the first sign of trouble?"

"What...!"

Derrick's eyes bugged out.

His entire body shaken with rage, his face solemn, and his fists clenched tight.

"Listen to me, Derrick. I don't need to be Queen. I'm already content. Tea time in the garden and a carefree life are suffice. Either way, I have little chance against my older brothers. Given the circumstance, it would be foolish to involve myself in my brothers' game of thrones."

Ariel already knew where Derrick was going with this.

Even though she held rank in the line of succession, whether in age or allies hers were inferior to her brothers. The chance of victory was slim. Rather, the wise move was to give up on the throne now and simply enjoy life. Even without the throne, as princess of the world's foremost kingdom, she would enjoy the lap of luxury.

"Forget it..."

Unable to tangle the knot in his heart, but could offer little rebut, Derrick left the scene with those words.

Ariel and Luke shrugged as they watch him take his leave, before quickly return to their topic of palace I

Part 3

But Derrick hadn't abandoned his duty as Guardian Magician.

He merely was heading to the toilet.

Both Derrick and Luke were responsible for Ariel's safety, but being human, they must also relieve their bodily functions. So when necessary to do so, one would inform the other and go to finish quickly. Ultimately, in this world or the last, men's most vulnerable moment was when they're least guarded.

While sexually provocative, Ariel had no inclination on particular, and certainly preferred not to sour her tea with such muck.

Thus, Derrick took opportunity to think in privacy.

"Sigh..."

He recalled their prior conversation.

Ariel seemed utterly uninterested in the throne.

Even so, Derrick still wished for Ariel to ascend the throne.

It wasn't that Derrick was convinced that Ariel's other brothers, the first and second prince, were wholly unqualified as king. They certainly could continue their glorious predecessor's legacies.

But it won't be enough.

If one of the prince became king, Asure Kingdom would just continue to rot from within. The ugly political bickering between the aristocracies would remain a drag on the country's progress. Maybe creating room for other nations to intervene.

Asura Kingdom was a country unknown to hunger.

The belief remained, regardless of how corrupt the aristocracy, no matter how fleeced the peasantry, that its citizens would never go hungry. But instead,

discontent built, and only matters of time before someone arises to take advantage, agitating for a rebellion or even civil war.

The country remained on a standstill.

Of course, magic and technology had both advanced. But due south, Kingdom of Dragon King had already surpassed them in technology, and due north, the Magic Trifecta had already surpass them in magic. While Asura Kingdom still held overwhelming advantage in other areas, could that advantage held for a hundred years... No, not even fifty years.

Kingdom of Dragon King in the south had always eyed hungrily at these bountiful land of Asura Kingdom.

The present Asura Kingdom, seemingly secured in its border by the mountain ranges, held no fear of invasions. But in fifty years? If the more technologically advanced Kingdom of Dragon King were to invade, then what? And what if the more magically advanced Magic Trifecta attacked in a joint invasion from the north as well?

"If it was Ariel-sama, she could have done something..."

Derrick believed Ariel had the capability to solve this quagmire.

He remembered his first meeting with Ariel.

Several years ago, at a coming of age banquet hosted by the king himself.

Back then, Derrick had just graduated from the magic academy. While he didn't graduate cumma sum laude, he still graded very highly. It was already decided for him to join the Asura Kingdom Magic Guild in a few months time.

Derrick knew while capable, he was no extraordinary magician.

At that moment, an adorable little girl appeared before him.

Back then, Ariel had yet to reach maturity, but merely participated in the banquet as an honored guest.

Although young, her congratulatory was brilliantly made, even outshining the valedictorian with her intellect.

Afterwards, as he readied for work at the Magic Guild, his father suggested

"the position of Second Princess Guardian Magician is vacant, don't put your hopes up, but want me to recommend you?" Without a moment of doubt he took the offer.

Ariel was also an ambitious woman. Even though in appearance she just lull away time with tea by the day, and fooling around with maids by night, in truth she had been diligently developing her persona and social circles, working hard to improve herself.

If Ariel ascend to the throne, and put her whole heart into strengthening the nation, then Asura Kingdom could certainly advance. Ultimately, even achieving complete dominion over the Central Continent won't be a mere dream.

Because, ultimately, Ariel wielded an unsurpassed charisma.

Both The Magic Academy and Magic Guild were nests of counterculture, gathered within many nobles that held objections against the current government.

Despite that, none would criticize Ariel.

That's why, she certainly would be a monarch beloved by the people, just as her ancestor Kaunis Freean Asura that led humanity after the Laplace Wars was.

There're many who would throw down their lives for Ariel.

Derrick among them.

To be belittled for that, of course Derrick felt rather muffed.

"Sure, there's no risk to her life to live this lifestyle... But this... is no different from those corrupt nobles..."

Perhaps Ariel did not wish to carry expectations of so many.

Was he picked to be her Guardian Magician, precisely because she knew he won't able to force that burden on her?

Even though Ariel never said so, maybe in truth she despised him...

"Sigh..."

Just as Derrick was depressing himself with those thoughts, a tiny voice wormed itself into his ear.

"Well?"

Sounded like a conversation behind the toilet.

"Princess Ariel ---"

"--- Kill ---"

From those muffled voices, Derrick could only make out those alarming words. Instantly he planted his ear against the wall and focusing his complete attention.

"You're saying, Grabell-sama actually considers Ariel-sama a threat?"

"That's right, her popularity with the people cannot be trifled with. Grabell-sama even once lamented that even though the princess rarely made public appearances, her fame already far surpassed his."

"That is indeed strange... He might be acting in public, but secretly she may already been plotting for the throne."

"Since she couldn't win a direct confrontation, she worked behind the scene instead... you're suggesting?"

Derrick furrowed his brows over those words.

Ariel indeed was popular with the people. Part of it was her natural, god-given charisma, but moreso was how often she graced them with her presence compared to the First Prince. Compared to the prince, who only paid attention to the intrigue inside the palace in lieu of the public, she oft involved herself outside the palace.

Like attending the dedication of a new bridge over Alteil River, being the first to cross it. Or sat as honored guest at Magic Academy's Great Magic Tournament, personally hand out bouquets and prizes to the winners, even rewarding them the honor of kissing her hand.

It's because she avoided the ongoing political struggle and attended these unrelated events instead, that she was rewarded with renown and approval from the people.

"If that's the case..."

"Indeed, how troubling."

"... Better to nip the problem in the bud."

"For Grabell-sama and for the kingdom's sake. I had already made preparations with those considerations."

"Hahah, you're certainly 'thorough' per usual."

Derrick was ready to murder those two right then, but he quashed that urge.

Those outside were likely nobles in the First Prince Faction. They're a bunch willing to burn money for whatever aims, and felt no shame in underhanded deeds. When cornered, they're the kind to weasel out by throwing others under the wheel. Scums like them were a dime a dozen.

Little value would come from Derrick using magic to eliminate them.

Much rather, once the words got out that the Second Princess Guardian Magician murdered a noble of First Prince Faction, and that Ariel was hostile, only relentless attacks from Grabell would follow.

Honestly, Derrick thought it won't be bad if this slowly pushed Ariel toward the throne. But if Ariel lacked the fight in her and stayed passive, her situation would only grow increasingly desperate, until she's no more than a cornered mouse.

So he gave up the urge to kill and left the restroom.

Regardless, he still needed to resolve his current predicament.

Those nobles said preparations were already being made. In that case, in the next few days, Ariel, or her guardians Luke and Derrick would be the target. Something would happen.

Would it be an assassin? Or via poison?

He should hurry and inform Ariel, as well as stay vigilant and encourage her to take on the fight.

With those thoughts swirling, Derrick rushed back toward White Lily Garden. As he walked, he retrieved from his sleeves a magic wand, ready to face any attack.

"... When was my last fight?"

The Magic Academy curriculum included regular mock battles. He also often

duel his classmates, sometimes in group battles of three to five.

In his first year, he also joined several forest expeditions, with instructor or adventurers, to have real battle experience with magical beasts.

Not like he never killed before either. He did kill an opponent in mock battle by accident. When he underwent testing as Guardian Magician, he was ordered to execute prisoners on death row to see whether he's up for the job, when the chips were down.

Even so, any assassin they sent capable of dealing with Luke and Derrick would certainly be experts.

A real struggle for life and death. That thought sent shivers to his hand.

"Could I really protect her highness? No..."

A brief unease, but Derrick quickly steadied his resolve.

But what they didn't know was...

In that moment, at Fittoa Region, the Metastasis Event had just occurred.

Part 4

"Ariel-sama... Eek!"

Derrick just returned to the White Lily Garden, only to witness an unfathomable situation.

From the depth of White Lily Garden, in the section known as Hibiscus Forest, a gigantic boar trotted out on two legs.

Terminate Boar.

By itself a mere D-grade magical beast, but in large numbers they could be relentless in their attacks, which upped their difficulty to C, even B-grade. Usually, one would only encounter them in the depth of forest. But at times, due to how fast they multiply, they sometimes would venture out of the forest and stole off livestock, or even young children.

Long time ago, a small village was attacked a sounder of twenty some Terminate Boars and completely annihilated. That incident made Terminate Boar notorious throughout Asura Kingdom.

Like the Supards, when village children that lived by forests get in trouble, the adults would warn them with "If you don't go to sleep now a giant boar would eat you!"

Derrick was well aware of the terrible beast that was Terminate Boar, and familiar of its size and shape.

"How the..."

Even so, how could a magical beast appear here?

This is the palace, where the world's foremost royalties, the Asuras, resided.

As such, why would a magical beast show up here of all places?

Oh right, the conversation he had overheard. Pray tell, a setup by those

nobles..! No, impossible. Sneaking magical beasts into the palace would be impossible for mere nobles. Impossible even for senior ministers!

What Derrick didn't know was, this Terminate Boar and Fittoa Region Teleport Disaster were related. It had just been teleported over.

"Ah!"

With his thoughts still in turmoil, his attention shifted to Ariel. Ariel and Luke, deep in their conversation, were completely unaware of the Terminate Boar. Even though the magical beast had already set its sights on Ariel, its eyes gleaming at its prey.

Derrick began to run.

Reciting incantations as he ran.

Simultaneously, the Terminate Boar also made its move. Perhaps it had noticed Derrick, or something else altogether. Barging through the vegetations, it charged straight at Ariel.

(Too late!)

Derrick stopped his incantation.

"Ariel-sama! Run!"

"Eh?"

Hearing Derrick's shout, Ariel made a sound of confusion but instantly stood up. Only after did she finally notice the gigantic body hurling toward her. She hurriedly leaped out the way and fell to the ground.

The Terminate Boar smashed into a tree in the garden, splitting it, and turned around.

Derrick took that opportunity to squeeze himself between Ariel and the beast.

Witnessing the monstrous body of the boar before him.

Its mouth salivating, its sharp eyes piercing.

What had the magician planned to do? With such a short distance between them, against such a large magical beast. With the enemy so close, he could never finish his incantation in time.

But Derrick did not try.

Instead, he only lifted his arms wide and shout.

"Luke! I'll leave the rest to you!"

In the next instant, Derrick received the Terminate Boar's fist and flew off.

Every bone shattered, his organs smashed, his blood scattering amongst the wind.

Finally, he landed at the interior wall some five meters away, severing his vertebrate.

"Curses..."

Should he be considered lucky that he hadn't yet lose consciousness?

Or perhaps unlucky?

(Ah... So this is my end?)

Derrick came to realize his imminent death.

And also, how it felt to die.

He understood his wounds were fatal.

(I seem to recall others dying of similar wounds...) Fear, Derrick did not felt, perhaps out of shock that his mind couldn't process.

From the corner of his eyes, he made out Luke, unsheathing his sword and charging at the boar.

(Luke, you idiot... This isn't a fight you could win... Oh, I see. The gate was on the other side, so they couldn't make a break for it...) Derrick scanned the area with his eyes.

(Ariel-sama... Is Ariel-sama okay?)

A careful look and he noticed her, although dazed, Ariel shown no fear, but instead rushing to his side.

"Derrick...! Oh, good heavens... Someone get a healer, hurry!"

Hearing Ariel yelling so anxiously, Derrick forced these words out with all of his remaining strength, "Ugh... Rather... please... highness.. run... cough..."

"Derrick! Stop talking! Someone, anyone! "

"Cough... No... Ariel-sama... I'm... helpless..."

"Please don't... hang in there!"

Seeing Ariel on the verge of tears, Derrick felt an unexpected happiness.

Because he had always assumed that Ariel and Luke despised him.

So unreasonably, despite the situation, he felt a strange happiness swirling in his chest.

"See... I told you... I wouldn't... run away..."

Those words gave Ariel a shock.

Looking at him with an entirely different expression, toward her dedicated, loyal Guardian Magician that would never stand again.

"Derrick..."

"Ariel-sama... This is my final request... Please... become Queen.... Make Asura great again... Ugh!"

A broken rib pierced his lung. Derrick coughed a mouthful of fresh blood.

Ariel watched him in silence...

And silently she nod, then turned around.

Before Ariel stood a monstrous boar.

Luke had already been flung off somewhere, could only watch in despair.

"..."

Ariel glared sternly at the creature.

"I don't know where you're from, but I'll one day sit on the throne of Asura Kingdom! This is not my place to die! Withdraw!"

No matter how loud she made her demand, a wild beast could never heed human words.

What it saw instead appeared to be the most delicious meal in the world. The beast snorted in excitement. Then one step, and other, slowly approaching Ariel.

Seeing this scene, Derrick could only pray.

As a follower of Milis, he prayed to the heavens.

(Please, god, I pray to you to aid us in our current predicament. Take my life as exchange; please help Ariel, whose existence this world cannot be without.) His prayer failed to reach the heavens.

Derrick understood as well. Saint Milis was an incredible individual and the savior of the world... Yet, even Derrick understood how little prayer meant in this desperate situation.

Still, he prayed.

Ariel was within striking range of the Terminate Boar.

The magical beast slammed down with its fist.

In that moment, his prayers were answered!

"--- Ahhhhhh!"

With that voice, an angel fell from heaven.

A tatterly dressed, youthful looking, white haired angel.

".... aaaaaaAAAAAAH!"

Desperately, half crazed, pitifully she cried out as she extended both hands towards the Terminate Boar. The beast's upper body blew apart.

(Ah... Thank you, god.)

Witnessed the scene before him, Derrick shed a final tear.

(Please continue to protect Ariel-sama.)

With a serene peace, his life ended.

Part 5

The Metastasis Event resulted in the death of a magician. That event also helped Ariel Anemoi Asura to resolve herself.

What path would Ariel take from that day forth? And what of Luke?

What about the angel that fell from heaven---

Those stories, let's speak of them another time.

Translator's Notes and References